

The Historie of

*As they are sharing, the Prince & Peynes
set upon them, they all run away, and Fal-
staffe after a blow or two runs away too, lea-
ving the booty behind them.*

Prin. Got with much eale. Now merrily to horse, the theeves
are scattered, and posselt with feare so strongly, that they dare
not meet each other, each take his fellow for an officer, away
good Ned, Falstaffe sweare to death, and lards the leane earth
as he walkes along: wert not for laughing, I should pittie him:

Peynes. How the rogue roard

Exeunt.

Enter Hotspur solus, reading a Letter.

But for mine owne part, my Lord, I could be well contented to be
there, in respect of the loue I beare your house.

He could be contented, why is he not then? in respect of the
loue he beares our house: he shoves in this, he loues his own
barne better then he loues our house. Let me see some more.

The purpose you undertake is dangerous.

Why thats certaine, tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to
drinke, but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this nettle dan-
ger, we plucke this flower safety.

*The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the friends you haue named
uncertaine, the time it selfe vnsorted, and your whole plot too light for
the counterpoise of so great an opposition.*

Say you so, say you so, I say vnto you again, you are a shal-
low cowardly hinde, & you lie: what a lack-braine is this? by
the Lord our plot is a good plot as euer was laid, our friends
true & constant: a good plot, good friends, & ful of expectatiō
an excellent plot, very good friends; what a frosty spirited
rogue is this? why my Lord of Yorke comends the plot, & the ge-
neral course of the action, Zounds & I were now by this rascal
I could braine him with his Ladies Fanne. Is there not my fa-
ther my vnckle, & my selfe, Lord Edmond Mortimer, my Lord
of Yorke, & Owen Glendower? Is there not besides the Douglas?
haue I not all theire letters to meet me in Armes by the ninth
of the next month? and are they not some of the set forward
already? What a pagan rascal is this & Infidell? Ha, you shall
see now in very sincerity of feare and cold heart, will he to the
King, and lay open all our proccedings. O, I could diuide my
selfe.

Henry the Fourth.

selfe, and go to buffets, for mouing such a dish o
with so honorable an action. Hang him, let him
we are prepared. I will set forward to night. E
How now Kate, I must leaue you within these two

Lady. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone
For what offence haue I this fortnight been
A banisht woman from my Harries bed?
Tell me, sweet Lord, what is't that takes from th
Thy stomacke, pleasure, and thy golden sleepe?
Why dost thou bend thine eies vpon the earth,
And start so often when thou sitst alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh bloud in thy cheek
And giuen my treasures and my rights of thee,
To thick-eyd musing, and curst melancholy?
In my faint slumbers, I by thee watcht,
And heard thee murmur tales of yron Warre.
Speake tearmes of manage to thy bounding Stee
Cry courage to the field: And thou hast talkt
Of sallies; and retires, trenches, tents,
Of Pallizadoes, frontiers, parapets,
Of basilisks, of canon, culuerin,
Of prisoners ranlome, and of souldiers slaine,
And all the current, of a hedy fight,
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
And thus hath so bestird thee in thy sleepe,
That beds of sweat hath stood vpon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late disturbed streame,
And in thy face strange motions haue appeared,
Such as we see when men restraine their breath
On some great sodaine hast. O what portents a
Some heauy busines hath my Lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loues me not.

Hot. What ho, is Gilliams with the Packet?
Ser. He is, my Lord, an houre agoe.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those Horses from

Ser. One Horse, my Lord, he brought euer

Hot. What Horse? a roane, a crop care, is it

Ser. It is my Lord.

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